

# Marion's Ride.

By Robert Bell, in "The Owl."

She was leaning against the old snake rail fence and had just completed singing a melody of "Maryland, My Maryland," "Dixie" and other such songs as her lover, Bob Stoughton, came up noiselessly from behind and before she was aware of his presence clasped her in his arms.

"You little rebel," he said as he kissed her, "if the southern army had a few like you to sing for the men as they went into battle, I am sure the north would soon realize the hopelessness of the struggle and let us go our way in peace."

She quickly disengaged herself from his embrace and turning gave him a sharp box on the ear.

"How dare you call me a rebel? That is what those horrid Yankees call us; we are not rebels, we are patriots, and I don't want you ever to say that word again, or I'll hit you!" and laughingly she made a gesture as though to repeat her chastisement.

"All right, sweetheart," answered Bob; "that obnoxious word shall never be spoken by me again, but come sit down and I'll tell you all about how matters are going on at the front."

She was sitting at once, and together they sat down on the bank near by and he began his narration.

"You see, Marion," he commenced, "Lee has determined to carry the war into the enemy's country, and when I left the war was preparing to march into Pennsylvania and by this time must be well on the way to Harrisburg, and when I get back to Richmond he will have reached Philadelphia and ready to march on to New York."

"Glorious, glorious," cried the girl, "but it is only as I expected; how can those miserable Yankees hope to whip our brave men of the south?"

"Well," continued Bob, "I felt pretty well cut up when the general sent for me and I was directed to proceed to Richmond, where the President would give me dispatches to carry to Pemberton at Vicksburg; I wanted so much to be with my company when it marched up Broadway, but I won't fret; my dispatches have been safely delivered, and I'm back here in Washington to spend this beautiful Fourth of July with you, my dear."

"Do you know, Bob," said the girl, "although Washington was a true southerner and had he lived to-day, would be found fighting under our flag, I do wish our town had a different name; I always think of Washington as the place where Abe Lincoln and his crowd make all their plans to annoy our people, and I think we Georgians should change the name of our town, don't you?"

"I don't know," answered Bob; "I rather think it would be a better plan to wait until the Yankees ask for peace and then compel them to change the name of their capital, and then as the thought came to him, 'No, we will take Washington and then perhaps make it our capital!'"

Marion agreed with Bob's manner of disposing of the matter, and asked: "When do you think we should hear something about General Lee and how his army is getting along in Pennsylvania, Bobbie?"

"I'm inclined to think that there will be some news very soon, and I am going to ride down to the telegraph office in the morning to learn what it is," answered that young gentleman.

The Lambert, Marion's parents, and the Stoughtons had been neighbors and close friends for years, occupying adjoining plantations, and it had been the wish of both families that their children marry and in this, quite contrary to what is usual in such cases, the young people were quite willing, and from their earliest childhood, had been extremely fond of each other.

Bob's father, who was at one time an officer in the army, was desirous of having his son follow a military career, and to that end had obtained for him an appointment to West Point.

The young man entered the academy four years before the breaking out of the war and continued his studies there until April of the year of his graduation, when his father summoned him home to enter the Southern army.

He had first been commissioned a lieutenant and later a captain, and had taken part in all the battles of the war up to the time of the commencement of Lee's Pennsylvania campaign, when he had been detailed to carry dispatches from Richmond to Vicksburg.

The next morning, bright and early, Bob was off to town for news from the front, and Marion eagerly watched for his return from her seat on the veranda.

At length she saw a horseman coming up the road, and as he drew nearer recognized Bob. But why did he look so soberly; had he expected that he would come galloping back, his face all aglow with animation and eager to tell her news of Lee's victories?

He rode up to the driveway, threw his bridle rein to old Tom, the stableman, came up the steps and sat down by her side.

"What is it, Bob?" almost gasped the girl, alarmed at the expression on his face. "Has no news come and are you disappointed on that account?"

"No, it isn't that," he answered solemnly, "look at this dispatch."

She took the piece of crumpled yellow paper from his hand and, smoothing it out, read: "Report at Richmond, at once, army repulsed at Gettysburg." The telegram was signed by the colonel of Bob's regiment.

The girl did not realize, as did Bob, that if the southern army had been defeated so soon after putting foot on northern soil that all hopes of a successful invasion of the north were at an end, and, womanlike, endeavored to cheer her lover with brilliant pictures of the great things that would be accomplished in the battles still to be fought, and that the invasion of the north was postponed and not abandoned.

But Bob, with a soldier's true instinct, saw in the few words of the dispatch an end to the hopes of the south, and later in the day, when the news of the fall of Vicksburg reached the town, his cup of bitterness was filled to overflowing.

That evening witnessed the parting of the young people, and Bob hurried back to his regiment, not to proudly parade with it up Broadway, but to engage in the many battles fought in front of the Confederate capital, and to see the ranks of his comrades decimated until that last day in April, 1865, when but the remnants of a once magnificent body of men surrendered to the conqueror, Grant.

Marion in the far-off Georgia village anxiously awaited the news of each battle, and as the dispatches from the front, highly colored as they were to cover the reverses which the army was sustaining, were at last plain enough to betray the true state of affairs, she became more of a rebel than ever, and when the news of the surrender of Lee's army reached Washington, she was nearly heart-broken, and was consoled only in a measure by the return from the front of Bob, who came home wearing a tattered uniform of gray, on the shoulders of which were a colonel's epaulettes.

About a month after Bob's return he was sitting on the veranda of the Lambert residence engaged in conversation with Marion and her father, when a neighbor who had served through the war in Bob's regiment came galloping up to the door, and in a voice husky with excitement asked for a few minutes' conversation with the "Colonel."

"Speak right out, Jones," said Bob, "there's no need of secrecy here."

"Well, you see, Colonel," replied the man, "I don't mind the young lady here or the doctor hearing what I've got to tell you, but I don't want anybody else to hear, as it might be a temptation to 'em!'"

"Let us go into the house," suggested Dr. Lambert.

After all had gone inside and the farmer satisfied himself that there were no other listeners, he turned to Bob, "Do you know where President Davis is, Colonel?"

Bob answered that he thought the President had escaped and was at the time on his way to Europe.

"Well, he ain't escaped, and he ain't on his way to Europe; he's within ten miles of this place at this very minute, and unless somebody does something to help him and his poor wife and her sister, right soon, they'll all starve to death, and that right in the midst of us who are posing as his friends," was the startling announcement.

Marion gave a little cry, the doctor looked at the man in amazement, and Bob gasped, "You don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do mean it," answered the old soldier, "and it's as likely as not that those poor people ain't had a mouthful to eat to-day."

Bob learned of the man the exact location where the presidential party were encamped, and told his informant that all possible would be done to minister to the wants of the unfortunate President and his family.

At nightfall he had a pair of horses of Dr. Lambert's harnessed to a light wagon laden with food, blankets and such other articles as he thought might conduce to the comfort of the refugees and set out for the camp.

About midnight he reached the place and there found the late President of the Confederacy, his wife and her sister sleeping in a small A tent with a few members of a Kentucky regiment of cavalry standing guard.

Bob made his errand known, and one of the soldiers aroused Mr. Davis, who came out of the tent and graciously welcomed him.

In the course of the conversation that followed the ex-President made known the great advantage it would be to his party if a guide, well acquainted with the topography of the country could be found who would consent to lead his party to the coast, where it was expected that the Shenandoah would be in waiting to convey them abroad.

Bob hesitated but a moment; no one knew the country between that place and the coast better than he; no one was better qualified to aid his fallen chief than he, and after a brief thought as to whether his parole given at Appomattox would be broken, he offered his services, which were gladly accepted.

It was arranged, that Bob should drive home that night, secure an additional supply of provisions and return before daylight, when the journey to the coast would be begun.

He left the camp and had driven nearly half the distance when he fancied he heard sounds of horses' feet in his rear; he paused a moment, only long enough to satisfy himself that his imaginations had not played him a trick and that a number of horsemen were coming along the road at a rapid gallop.

Trained by four years of warfare to think and act quickly, the thought flashed through his mind that the horsemen were Union cavalrymen in search of Mr. Davis, and had been watching the roads in the vicinity and that it behooved him to lead them away from the direction of the camp.

He grasped his whip and laid it vigorously across the back of his horses, causing them to spring forward and commence a wild gallop.

The horsemen in the rear, attracted by the noise of Bob's horses running, and the rumbling of the wagon, began the pursuit.

The horses attached to the wagon were not in the best possible condition and tired with their journey soon began to lose ground, and when within

three miles of home the cavalrymen were within hailing distance, and through the night came the command "Halt," and then as no attention was paid, a shot whistled by, too near Bob's head to be pleasant. Again the command was repeated and then another volley, this time all the bullets not going wide, one striking his hand that held the reins, and before he could reach over and grasp them with the other hand they had slipped over the dashboard and were dragging on the ground.

The horses, now frenzied with fear, were tearing along at breakneck speed, holding their own with the pursuers who sent a third volley, this time one of the balls striking Bob and inflicting a severe scalp wound and causing him to reel over and fall into the bottom of the wagon.

The horses continued to run until the Lambert residence was reached and then turning into the driveway dashed up to the barn doors where they stood trembling with fear and excitement.

Dr. Lambert, who had been awaiting Bob's return, ran from the house and reached the wagon as the pursuing cavalrymen came "through the gateway, raised his lantern, and seeing the apparent lifeless body in the bottom of the wagon, shouted for the servants who came running out, had the young man removed into the house, paying no attention to the soldiers who had been starting at the still form in the wagon, their faces wearing an expression of chagrin and regret when they realized that they had been chasing and shooting at a man who in no way resembled the refugee president, and as far as they would be able to prove, had no connection with or knowledge of his flight or whereabouts.

The cavalrymen waited about until they were told that Bob's injuries were not serious and then withdrew, riding down the driveway and on reaching the road galloped in the opposite direction from that in which they came.

Shortly after Bob had been put to bed and his wounds dressed he recovered consciousness and made vain endeavors to rise.

Marion, who was near his bedside, gently pushed him back on the pillows, telling him that unless he was quiet he would be very ill.

"Yes, I know," pleaded the injured man, "but I must get back to the president's camp. I have promised to guide him to the coast, and unless some one aids him he will be captured."

Marion made no answer, but gave him a potion that had been prepared by her father, the effects of which, combined with his weakness through the loss of blood, sent him off into a deep slumber.

It was still some hours before daylight when Marion, after leaving a note on the library table explaining her intentions, stole quietly out to the stables and arousing old Tom, directed him to saddle her horse as quickly as possible.

On her arm she carried a basket filled with provisions and fastened around her body was a warm shawl intended for the use of Mrs. Davis or her sister.

Without the loss of a moment's time she mounted her horse and galloped out into the road, leaving the astonished Tom gazing after her in wonderment.

Marion was a true southern girl, fond of a horse and a thorough mistress of the saddle, and under ordinary circumstances a ride of ten or twelve miles even in the darkness would have had no terrors for her, but now her great fear was that she would encounter some of the Union cavalrymen who were scouring the neighborhood, and every few minutes she would rein in her horse and listen.

She had done this a number of times and was near the place where Bob had been first challenged when on stopping she distinctly heard the footfalls of horses.

Quickly dismounting she led her horse to the side under the shadows of the trees that skirted the road, and there waited.

The horsemen drew nearer and nearer, and soon she could hear the men's voices; she heard one say: "That tiger of Lambert's is a bit muddled when we asked him to accompany the stable, when that was gone from the stable, wasn't he?" That was a clever idea of yours, sergeant, to hang around after those people thought they had left the neighborhood, but how the devils could any one get out with a horse and we not hear them, is more than I can understand."

"It is a bit mysterious, but you must remember that we did not think anyone would try to leave before daylight, as the only one in the house that is fit to ride is the young lady, and no one would suspect that she would venture out at this hour, but as somebody did go out it must have been her, and that only goes to show that something of importance was to be done or she wouldn't have risked it."

Marion knew from this that it was known by the troopers that she had undertaken a ride in the dark and that they had, probably, thought that she was on the same errand as Bob she would follow the same road.

Waiting until the soldiers had passed by and gone some distance she dismounted her horse and rode toward home for nearly half a mile, then turning sharply from the road into a bridge path leading at right angles from the road into the woods.

A hundred yards from the road the path took a turn, then followed the line of the road, and Marion galloping along was soon abreast of the point where

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## Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine Made a New Woman of Mrs. Kuhn.

(LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 64-65)

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I think it my duty to write to you expressing my sincere gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tried different doctors, also different kinds of medicine. I would feel better at times, then would be as bad as ever."

"For eight years I was a great sufferer. I had falling of the womb and was in such misery at my monthly periods I could not work but a little before I would have to lie down. Your medicine has made a new woman of me. I can now work all day and not get tired. I thank you for what you have done for me. I shall always praise your medicine to all suffering women."

—MRS. E. E. KUHN, GERMANSBURG, OHIO.

"I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used two packages of your Sassafras Wash, also some of the Liver Pills, and I can say that your remedies will do all that you claim for them. Before taking your remedies I was very bad with womb trouble, was nervous, had no ambition, could not sleep, and my food seemed to do me no good. Now I am well, and your medicine has cured me. I will gladly recommend your medicine to every one wherever I go."

—MRS. M. L. SERRAS, GUY MARSH, MICH.

The soldiers had passed, and a little further on she could hear them talking and shouting to each other as she cantered along, heedless of the fact that a drooping branch might sweep her from the saddle, and when at length satisfied that she was a safe distance ahead of her pursuers, turned into the road.

She proceeded cautiously for some distance, walking or slowly trotting her horse on the grass by the roadside, and then giving him his head set out at a good speed, completing her journey just as the gray streaks in the sky indicated the approach of dawn.

She quickly made Mr. Davis acquainted with the happenings of the night, and after a short conference the party determined to break camp at once and commence their march to the sea.

Marion, who was nearly, if not quite, as familiar with the country as was Bob, acted as guide, and it was due to her knowledge of the by-roads and bridge-paths that they were able to travel for an entire day without meeting or being seen by one.

At nightfall the party were encamped, and Marion, tired and worn out, was soon fast asleep, and it seemed to her that she had but closed her eyes when a hand touched her shoulder and a voice whispered: "Miss, one of our men who has been out looking about says that he saw some Yankee cavalrymen not far from here and he thinks they will find us if we don't get away mighty soon." It was one of the Kentuckians who spoke.

The girl was up and alert in a moment; she knew that if the soldiers were in the immediate neighborhood there was no chance that Mr. Davis could escape should he remain with the rest of the party.

"Have you told the President of his danger?" she asked of the man.

"Yes, ma'am, I told him, and he said to arouse you and do just as you said," was the reply.

Marion resolved on a plan of action at once. "Has the President an extra suit of clothes?" she asked of the man.

"Yes, ma'am, I think he has."

"Can you get it for me without his knowledge?"

"I reckon I can; he's not near the baggage chest just now, and if you say so I'll bust it open and get the things; but, miss, what are you going to do with the President's clothes?"

"Never mind, bring them to me as soon as you can."

Marion went inside of the tent, and soon the man returned and handed the clothing in to her, and in a few moments she emerged wearing the suit of black broadcloth worn by Mr. Davis on state occasions at Richmond.

Unless closely scrutinized she would readily have passed as a man, as she was tall, straight as an arrow, and her long black hair was tightly bound up and hidden under the broad-brimmed slouch hat she wore.

Calling the trooper to her she instructed him that in the event of the Union soldiers approaching the camp he was to throw a long makintosh or waterproof coat about the President and the old shawl over his head, in the manner worn by old women, and direct him to assume a limping gait, and slowly walk away out of sight, and that she would attend to the rest.

She then went where her horse was tethered, and, selecting a saddle put it had been used by one of the soldiers on her horse, taking great care that the girls were not secured fastened, and that everything was in readiness for instant flight, she turned and started to walk to the tent, when in the distance she saw several horsemen approaching.

At that moment the cavalrymen, for so they proved to be, caught sight of the little camp, and putting spurs to their horses were soon within a few hundred yards of where Marion was standing.

She waited until she was sure that they could see her, then with a shout to the Kentuckian, "Remember," she ran to her horse, vaulted into the saddle, and giving the animal a stinging blow with her whip, she was off, riding as though for her life, along the road leading from the camp.

The cavalrymen had seen her, and thinking that it must be Mr. Davis who was endeavoring to escape, urged their horses on in hot pursuit.

This was as Marion had hoped, and she rode on, rejoicing that she was carrying her pursuers farther and farther away from the camp, and that the fugitive President to escape.

For two miles or more the race was very even, and the distance between the pursuers and the pursued remained about the same, neither making any perceptible gain, and Marion was commencing to congratulate herself on the entire success of her strategy, when her faithful animal, stumbling nearly throwing her to the ground, and although he quickly regained his feet the fall had got him out of his stride, and the soldiers began to gain on him, and though the cruel whip fell on the horse's back relentlessly, she saw that it was now but a matter of a very short time when she would be overtaken.

She heard the command to halt, coupled with the threat to fire upon her;

still she kept on; the command was repeated; then she heard shots and the point of the bullets as they whistled by her again, one cutting a furrow across her cheek, and in another moment, with a groan almost human, her horse tumbled headlong, throwing her to the ground.

When the soldiers came up they found the girl lying on the ground, caught under her fallen horse, insensible.

The slouch hat that she had been wearing had fallen off and her long hair, unloosed, fell in disorder about her shoulders, and the cavalrymen, who happened to be the same as had her after after Bob on the preceding night, recognized her at once.

"My God, sergeant!" ejaculated one of the men, "it's that Lambert girl as sure as you live."

"So it is," answered the sergeant. "What the devil do you suppose she means by galloping off like this through the country dressed in these togs?"

"I have an idea! Here, Sargent and Knowlton," calling two of the troopers, "look after the young lady, bathe her face with some water, rub her hands and do all you can to bring her about all right; and the rest of you mount just as quick as the Lord will let you and follow me."

Marion regained consciousness soon after the departure of the men, and being assisted to her feet found that she was none the worse for her fall, and that the wound inflicted by the bullet was not of a serious nature, other than that she would probably always carry the scar.

In answer to her inquiry as to what they intended doing with her, she was told as she was suspected of having conspired at the escape of the president of the former Confederacy, it would be necessary for her to go with them to headquarters.

With the help of one of the troopers, Marion mounted her horse, and he held her steady and walking by her side, they commenced their journey back in the direction from which they came.

When the place where Mr. Davis and his party had been encamped was reached, all of her efforts had been of no avail, and that the sergeant and his party had returned in time to capture the fugitive just as he was walking away, clad in the old storm coat, with the shawl Marion had brought thrown over his head so as to hide his features.

He was standing, leaning against a tree, talking to a man as soon as he saw Marion and noticing her wound, came forward, and with the tears trickling down his hollow cheeks, took both her hands in his and said: "May God bless and reward you, my brave girl, you have done all that was possible to aid me; I will always remember you as a true daughter of the south."

Marion was taken to the headquarters, and almost immediately allowed her freedom, and before noon arrived at the Lambert place, where she found her father, Bob and the servants in a state of great anxiety for her safety, and while the doctor and Bob greatly regretted the capture of the president, all that they could do was to return, and Bob intimated that as they had both been wounded in the same cause they were more comrades than ever, and that their war-deferred wedding should take place at once.

Many years have elapsed since that memorable May day, 1865, and Marion is no longer a shy girl ready to blush at the least word of affection; she is a matron now; yes, more than that; and sometimes when one of her younger grandchildren climb on her knee, and looking up into grandma's face, ask her about the great Herford great white scar, she sends the little one to grandma, and then Bob tells the story of "Marion's Ride."

## GEORGIE'S PA

Thinks he knows all About the Management of Horses.

Chicago Times-Herald: Bein' it was a Nice Day Sunday paw says to maw: "How would you and the Boys like to go for a Buggy Ride?"

"It would be kind of nice," maw says, "but I'm afraid we mite git run away with."

"I'd like to see the Flurry Stead what tride to run away if I had a Holt of the Lines," paw told her. "That's where it comes in Handy for a person to be a boy on the farm wunst. They turn to handle one of the horses in a instant to be the best horseman that was in six Counties. All I got to do is look them in the eye and they know I'm thare master."

So maw told him all Rite, and paw went and Got the Horse and Buggy at the Livery. "I wonder what makes them call it the Livery? Mebby Sumbuddy what had the Liver trouble so bad he couldn't do nothin else was the first one what kept a Livery Stable."

It was a sad looking Horse: mebby becoss it was a norken or Sumthing, and he'd had a Long purt Hovell for of us Hind Laigs. Before we Got in the Buggy paw went and rinkled his forrid and Looked in his Eyes quite a while and Said:

"Now this Beast is in ml power. I Bet you if I would want it to do it it would foller me Around like a lam."

We Got a Long purt Hovell for a while only the Horse kept Gitting its tale across the Lines all the time, and kind of Hump itself up and Hold on Hard Like when you are Kerying a Package under your arm and it Begins to Slip Down.

At Last he wuz out in the country and the Hode wasn't much like a parson's fore. Every little while one of the Wheals would Hit Sumthing or Else not Have Enything to Run on, and maw was Holden tie to little Albin and the Boys to little Willie and asten paw to please run Back. And the Horse kept on Gitting its tale across the Lines and I seen that paw was Beging to feel like if He Didnt Have no munny friends as he needed in His Blanes. But I Didnt say nothin.

"Oh, paw, please stop," maw Hollarred when the wheal Dropped into Sum-

thing what wasn't there. "Let the Boys and me Git out and Walk."

"Say," paw says, "I wunst you wouldn't make the Hole family Reckidulus. You can't Help Bela that way yerself. I spose. But they ain't any yuns."

Just about that time the Horse Switched its tale Over agin, and paw took the whip and Gave Him a Cut, and he wuz with all His mite, and the Horse jumped and kicked six or seven Different Direckshens at wunst, and one Line Broke, and maw Hollarred Help, and I seen that wuz Sumthing Disagree Bull Goin to Be Goin on thore in just about a minnit. So I says to paw: "Look him in the